First Time | Chukwunweike Okeke| Fiction

You've never really done this before. Your tinder profile preference is set to display only women, aged between 21-30, so it's a most curious thing when he comes up as an option to swipe. You dismiss it as a glitch, or a possible gender statement, but it doesn't matter because you're not going to swipe right anyway. But you don't swipe left either, you linger instead – looking at his pictures over and over again, slowly taking in the details: his smooth skin the colour of clay, his rounded features, and an ass that looks like it belongs on a woman. You're not sure what you feel, it's not attraction because that's not who you are, but you're not quite sure what it is. Still, you swipe right.

He texts you first. You refuse to respond. He texts you again and reluctantly, you reply because manners or so you tell yourself. Gradually, you find yourself warming up to him in your chats as you spend a lot of time learning about each other and talking about mundane irrelevant things. He's openly gay, he tells you, and you applaud him for his bravery but quickly point out that you're only an ally in the community. It doesn't seem to dissuade him, though.

Your conversation swiftly shifts to WhatsApp and before you know it, he's texting you the name of the lube you should get. So, the next day, you find yourself at a pharmacy store some distance away from where you live.

"This one, e dey make woman wet well abi?" you point at the lube in the show-glass as you ask, taking care to make it clear to the attendant that you plan to use it with a woman.
"Man or woman, all join, e dey very good," the attendant responds with a knowing smirk.
"Fucking faggot," is uttered out of part irritation and part self-shame but the attendant doesn't get upset. Instead, his lips raise into another ridiculous smile, which pisses you off even further. He asks for your number so he can add it to the customer registry, you start to write it down but change your mind at the last minute and cross out the last few digits.

You finally agree to meet, at a hotel which he suggested, and you paid for. You make sure to take an Uber, which drops you off about 15 minutes walking distance from the hotel, but it takes you nearly an hour to get there. You stop by the hotel clerk who asks you what room you're heading to. Everything leading up to this has been mechanical but when he takes you to the room and opens the door, you start to feel an overload of emotions. What are you doing? This isn't you! But your legs just stagger in, and the door shuts behind you.

"Hey," a young man waves at you from where he sits cross-legged on the bed.
"Hey," you gulp out in response. He smiles at you and pats the spot beside him on the bed, but you don't move. Instead, you stand against the door awkwardly.
With a sigh he asks, "This is really your first time doing something like this?"
"What? You thought I was lying?"
He shrugs. "Well, people usually say that to me all the time to make themselves feel better. I don't judge really, so long as I think you're cute."

Something about him calling you cute makes you throb. You're marvelled by his assuredness, the fluidity and certainty of his movements. You're intrigued by how someone significantly younger lives with such conviction and fearlessness.

“You don’t intend on standing there forever, do you?” he taps the spot next to him again. Your legs move on their own and glide towards him. He reaches out a hand for your bag, which you hand to him. You watch as he dumps the contents of your bag onto the bed and goes through them.
“You got the exact one I asked for, that's good, you listen,” he says, picking out a tube from the mess and holding it up.
“Mm,” you murmur, still struggling to process everything since stepping into the room.
“Take off your shirt.”
"Why?" you instantly ask, taken aback by the sudden and unexpected command. He frowns.
"Are you being serious right now?"
Your forehead creases to match his. "What? You don't want to at least have a conversation first or something?"
"About what? We’re here to fuck. We've been having conversations since, and we can continue outside of here. Now, take off your shirt please."
"What if I don't want to?"
"You're not serious. I knew this would be a waste of my time,” he rolls his eyes, and swiftly moves from the bed towards the door.

You have no idea why or how you get to that door so quickly, but you’re a breath away from him now, staring at him; his warm breath on your face and yours on his. You try to convince yourself that perhaps you didn't want him to leave, or you didn't want the risk of someone passing by spotting you from the hallway. Your position against the door, however, proves you wrong.

Something takes over you – something primal, something instinctual, something that feels right. So, you grunt out, “get on your fucking knees.”
He stares at you, shocked.
A second of silence passes.
Two seconds.
Three seconds.
Four seconds, and you start to feel stupid, like you said something wrong.
“Okay daddy,” he finally says, smiling as he obeys your order.

His reply breaks every trace of doubt in your mind and your hand impulsively goes to wrap around his slender neck. A rush of excitement reverberates through your entire body as you watch him from where you stand above him.

A couple of passionate hours later, he's on your chest snoring while you think about the pharmacy attendant.